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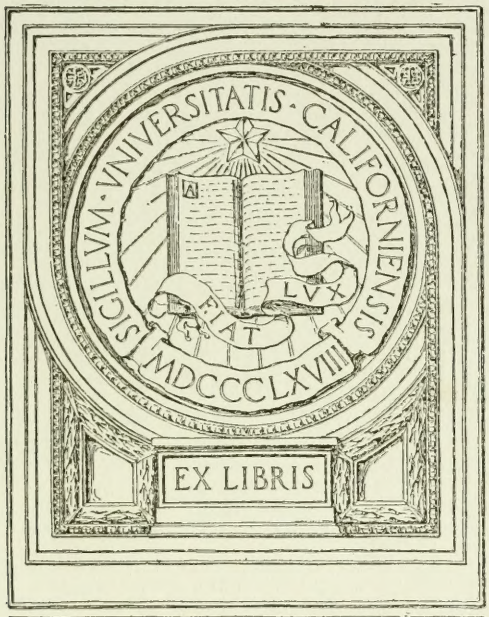
FAMOUS LOVE SONGS

GIFT OF
Hannah N Hartland



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A Happy Birthday

To

Aunt Hannah

From

Raleigh and Etta

August 15/1911

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FAMOUS LOVE SONGS

OLD & NEW

PICTURES BY
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Oh! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life from morn till night
Was love, still love.
New hope may bloom,
And days may come
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream;
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

Love's Young Dream

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Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Though he wins the wise, who frowned before,
To smile at last;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blushed to hear
The one loved name.

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No — that hallowed form is ne'er forgot
Which first love traced;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.
'Twas odor fled
As soon as shed;
'Twas morning's wingéd dream;
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream:
Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

Love's Young Dream

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine:
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

To Celia

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;

To Celia

But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself but thee!

To Celia

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Ae fond kiss, and then we sever?
Ae farewell, and then for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,
Dark despair around benights me.

Ae Fond Kiss

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy;
Naething could resist my Nancy!
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love forever.
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met — or never parted —
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Ae Fond Kiss

CLARENCE

To Visit
Annex

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, Enjoyment, Love and Pleasure!
Ae fond kiss and then we sever!
Ae farewell, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Ae Fond Kiss

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Where are you going, my pretty maid?
Where are you going, my pretty maid?
I'm going a milking, sir, she said, sir, she
said, sir, she said;
I'm going a milking, sir, she said.

Shall I go with you, my pretty maid?
Shall I go with you, my pretty maid?
Oh, yes, if you please, kind sir, she said,
sir, she said, sir, she said;
Oh, yes, if you please, kind sir, she said.

Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid

What is your fortune, my pretty maid?
What is your fortune, my pretty maid?
My face is my fortune, sir, she said, sir, she
said, sir, she said;
My face is my fortune, sir, she said.

Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid!
Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid!
Nobody ax'd you, sir, she said, sir, she said,
sir, she said;
Nobody ax'd you, sir, she said.

Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid

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I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,
With vassals and serfs at my side,
And of all who assembled within those walls,
That I was the hope and the pride.

I had riches too great to count — could boast
Of a high ancestral name
But I also dreamt which pleased me most,
That you loved me still the same.

I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls

I dreamt that suitors sought my hand;
That knights upon bended knee;
And with vows no maiden's heart could withstand
They pledged their faith to me.
And I dreamt that one of that noble host
Came forth my hand to claim,
But I also dreamt which pleas'd me most,
That you loved me still the same.

I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls

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Gin a body meet a body
Comin' thro' the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, has I,
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' thro' the rye.

Comin' Thro' the Rye

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the town,
Gin a body meet a body,
Need a body frown?
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, hae I,
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' thro' the rye.

Comin' Thro' the Rye

Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel';
But what his name, or whaur his hame,
I dinna care to tell.
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, has I,
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' thro the rye.

Comin' Thro' the Rye

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley,
There's ne'er a lady in the land
That's half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,
And thro' the streets does cry them,
Her mother she sells laces long,
To all who need to buy them.
But can such folks the parents be
Of such a girl as Sally?
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Sally in Our Alley

Of all the days that's in the week
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes between
A Saturday and Monday,
For then I'm dressed all in my best,
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Sally in Our Alley

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When Christmas comes about again,
O, then I shall have money,
I'll hoard it up, and box and all,
I'll give it to my honey,
And would it were ten thousand pounds,
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbors all
Make game of me and Sally;
And but for her I'd better be
A slave and row a galley.
But when my sev'n long years are out,
Oh then I'll marry Sally,
And when we're wed we'll blithesome be,
But not in our alley.

Sally in Our Alley

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh!

'Tis the Last Rose of Summer

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter,
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

'Tis the Last Rose of Summer

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone.

'Tis the Last Rose of Summer

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Believe me, if all those endearing young
charms
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and
fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away,
Thou would'st still be adored, as this
moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And round the dear ruin each wish of
my heart,
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms

It is not while beauty and youth are
thine own
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can
be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear;
No, the heart that has truly loved,
never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her god,
when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms

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Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word would grieve ye,
I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do;—
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

O to call back the days that are not!
My eyes were blinded, your words were few;
Do you know the truth now up in heaven,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I never was worthy of you Douglas;
Not half worthy the like of you:
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows—
I love you Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me Douglas, Douglas
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew;
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Douglas, Douglas, Tender and True

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In the sky the bright stars glittered,
On the pale moon shone;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nelly home.

Chorus:

I was seeing Nelly home;
I was seeing Nelly home;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nelly home.

The Quilting Party

On my arm a soft hand rested,
Rested light as ocean foam;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home,

Chorus:

I was seeing Nellie home;
I was seeing Nellie home;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

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On my lips a whisper trembled,
Trembled till it dared to come;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home,
Chorus—I was seeing Nellie home, etc.

On my life new hopes were dawning,
And those hopes have lived and grown;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home,
Chorus—I was seeing Nellie home, etc.

Oh promise me that some day you and I
Will take our love together to some sky,
Where we can be alone and faith renew,
And find the hollows where those flowers grew,
Those first sweet violets of early spring,
Which come in whispers, thrill us both, and
sing
Of love unspeakable that is to be;
Oh promise me, Oh promise me?

Oh Promise Me

Oh promise me that you will take my hand,
The most unworthy in this lonely land,
And let me sit beside you, in your eyes
Seeing the vision of our paradise,

Oh Promise Me

Hearing God's message while the organ rolls,
Its mighty music to our very souls,
No love less perfect than a life with thee;
Oh promise me, Oh promise me!

Oh Promise Me

What's this dull town to me?
Robin's not near;
He whom I long to see,
No more is here.
Where's all the joy and mirth,
Made life a heav'n on earth?
Oh! they're all fled with thee,
Robin Adair!

Robin Adair

What made th' assembly shine?
Robin Adair.
What made the ball so fine?
Robin was there.
What when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?
Oh! it was parting with
Robin Adair.

Robin Adair

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But now thou'rt far from me,
Robin Adair;
Far o'er the raging sea,
Robin Adair.
Yet him I lov'd so well
Still in my heart shall dwell;
Oh! I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair.

Maxwellton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew;
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gie'd me her promise true;
Gie'd me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be:
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Annie Laur e

Her brow is like the snaw drift,
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on,
That e'er the sun shone on;
And dark blue is her e'e:
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Annie Laurie

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing
Her voice is low and sweet,
Her voice is low and sweet;
And she's a' the world to me:
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Annie Laurie

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I'm lonesome since I cross'd the hill,
And o'er the moor and valley;
Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill,
Since parting with my Sally.

I seek no more the fine and gay,
For each does but remind me
How swift the hours did pass away,
With the girl I've left behind me.

Oh! ne'er shall I forget the night,
The stars were bright above me,
And gently lent their silv'ry light,
When first she vowed she loved me.

But now I'm bound for Brighton Camp,
Kind Heaven, may favor find me,
And send me safely back again
To the girl I've left behind me.

The Girl I Left Behind Me

My mind her form shall still retain,
In sleeping or in waking,
Until I see my love again,
For whom my heart is breaking.

If ever I should see the day,
When Mars shall have resigned me,
For evermore I'll gladly stay
With the girl I've left behind me.

The Girl I Left Behind Me

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Once in the dear dead days beyond recall,
When on the world the mists began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng
Low to our hearts Love sung an old sweet song,
And in the dusk when fell the fire-light gleam
Softly it wove itself into our dream.

Love's Old Sweet Song

Just a song at twilight when the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows softly come and go;
Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes Love's old song,
Comes Love's old sweet song.

Love's Old Sweet Song

Even to-day we hear Love's song of yore,
Deep in our hearts it dwells for ever more;
Footsteps may falter, weary grow the way,
Still we can hear it at the close of day.
So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall
Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

Love's Old Sweet Song

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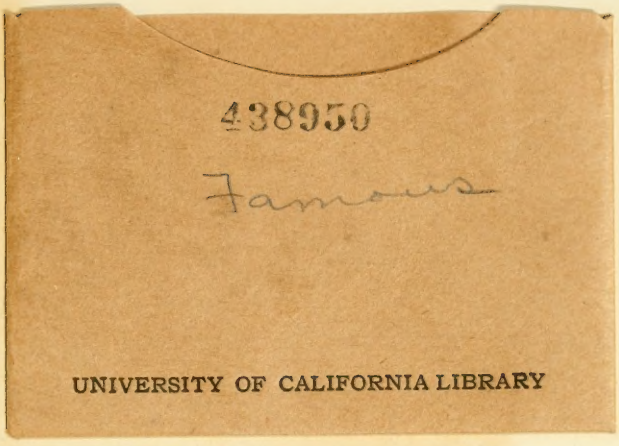
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